



Blog

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Start with what is right rather than what is
acceptable.

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FRIDAY, 9TH JUNE 2023 @ 10:43 PM

1 NOTE

Liveblogging TMA - Season 1 - MAG 7-8

If in some smothering dreams, you too could pace
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin,
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,
Obscene as cancer,

Bitter as the cud
 Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,—
 My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
 To children ardent for some desperate glory,
 The old Lie: Dulce et decorum est
 Pro patria mori.

- *Dolce et Decorum est, Wilfred Owen*

THE PIPER :

... Jesus fucking Christ, this one gave me shivers.

And also a new poet who's writing I went on to read just after finishing the episode, as the quote just above shows. There were definitely some that were more fitted for the episode, but I needed something that could be short and still feel self contained (so no snippet from "*Strange Meeting*", unfortunately, nor of "*Insensibility*",) but also impactful on its own.

And impactful, it is. Yes, I understand why this poem is Owen's most famous.

I have a soft spot for poetry, as you may or may have not noticed. I am certainly no expert in the subject, and even less of a writer, but the melody speaks to me.

Still, I have to wonder what the reception of the public was at this episode. I wasn't quite expecting TMA to introduce real life people in the story, or to touch on war and the effects it had on its people. ~~Search~~ I found the topic handdled delicately enough (tho an eyebrow does quirk a little at the implications of some of this), but I am obviously no veteran, nor do I wish to ever entertain the idea of becoming a soldier, as the earlier snippet may have informed you.

I don't really fancy putting my life on the line, only to be thrown away by my country afterward, if there even is any, thank you very much.

I do possess however a certain admiration for people who did, and so one Sgt. Clarence Berry was probably the first, of the many narrators introduced thus far, to which I have felt emotionally attached to. And, by proxy, to Wilfred Owen.

He has painted such a stark vision of war, one that I could almost feel, despite the minimal amount of details on the situation itself.

The narration of the text only amplified the effect, with Jonathan's voice resonating, as usual with a sombre timbre that felt quite fitting to the tone of the story. Should being the Head Archivist of the Magnus Institute not work out, he should look for work in the audio book industry. I am sure that he would make a killing there.

The Piper was a delight from start to finish. Not much of a mystery here, as much as the personification of war in all its gory glory, though I do wonder about the music the souls soon to be reaped heard before their final moment.

Still, if War is a thing, does that mean there are multiple concepts taken form as well ? Of course, the four of the apocalypse, obviously, but maybe more primal fears too ? Did they always exist and influenced humanity as we know it, or did they take form from humans' beliefs and terror ? What came first, and what impacted the other the most ?

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If that is the case, then I have to say that I am quite thrilled at the possibilities of it all.

Onto our favourite sulky Head Archivist, the man is sulking again about the lack of order in the archive. I have to say, the

contrast between the harrowing tale he was reading and his pettiness and dissatisfaction toward his predecessor made my head spin for a bit. Just another way to show how good of a narrator he is, I almost forgot that he was the one talking, as well as why he was.

I am curious as to whom this Joseph Rayner will be. Since Wilfred Owen, in the story at least, spent 2 weeks in the guts of the man, but also with The Piper, I can only think that the two are connected.

With all of that out of the way, Wilfred Owen's end was quite the beautiful one. Sergeant Berry ponders on what luck is, and who of the two of them had more to spare, but between one haunted by his past, and the other not having any future to look forward to, the question quickly shifts to which one I find the most heartbreaking.

In the end, Clarence Berry built himself a future despite the scars of his past, but will live to survive even more, while Wilfred Owen made his mark into the world before disappearing off of it for good. And he did it after having accomplished his goal, to a being higher than himself that he believed in and for his country.

Yes, I am sure the Wilfred Owen of this story was satisfied, not living his last instants for himself.

After all, just think of how sweet and fitting it is, to die for one's country.

Search BURNED OUT:

"I retrieved what turned out to be a small wooden box, about six inches square, with an intricate pattern carved along the outside. Engraved lines

covered it, warping and weaving together, making it hard to look away.”

... Mh ?

Well, doesn't this sound familiar.

I must say, I started the whole fixation on the table from “*Across The Street*” thinking it wouldn't lead to anything, but somehow, they are very eager to make me think about it. There was a hole in that table, was there not ? Square shaped.

Still, somehow I don't think this was what was missing. There sure weren't spiders the first time around anyway, were there ?

TMA is on a streak right now, this episode hit me as much as the mast, tho in very different ways. The mystery presented here is so complex, I genuinely cannot wait to get the Priest's statement and get the side of the story of someone who will, probably, be more understanding of the events and oddities of that night, and of this house in general.

Agnes has very much gotten my attention anyway. I somehow doubt this will be the last we hear of her or of her “father”. They sound too much like trouble not to come back, and we still have a case of a disappearing child connected to them. I could see him appear, surprisingly ? As a character or as a statement.

Truth be told, if this continues I will have to make a list of all the names presented. I fear of forgetting context and stories and characters of relevance. I feel like I am reading a new wuxia level, I am not good with names, damn it.

For example, ^{Search} the narrator of this story. Obviously his father was involved with something ghastly, and I am thinking that his uncle was too, tho they have both been brushed aside as crazy. I somehow doubt that schizophrenia really was a factor here. Patterns, fractals, and probably something to do with the

leitner that made bones appear out of nowhere, if this guy wasn't aware of the Keays, maybe even against them, then I will eat my gloves. I am expecting to hear about them again, in another statement, but I have already forgotten the name of the man who did this statement.

But anyway, I guess the so called spiders have made an apparition. Crawling out of a rotten apple that has spent probably decades buried in a box, under a bleeding tree.

Now, I am someone very curious, but that is one form of knowledge I wouldn't mind not possessing. Ignorance is bliss, as many statements would confirm, and though I am of the type to contradict that saying, the kind of enlightenment given by this apple surely would not be good for me.

Awareness has been a theme all throughout. Living things that don't make sense and knowing that they do not, and suffering for it. Forces that try to keep you from learning the truth and eliminate you when you do. Should this garden be Eden and this apple the forbidden fruit giving you knowledge beyond your understanding, would this make of the spiders God or the Devil ?

Is there even a difference ?

OVERALL :

The deeper I get in this story, the more confused I am. It is a pretty nice feeling, knowing that I will get answers if I just keep going.

Those two statements have definitely been my favourite of the bunch, I tell you that, and I am more and more curious about who Jonathan Sims really is.

Again, he presents himself as a skeptic, scoffing at the idea that those statements could be real, and not deeming them so because there's SOME stuff of value, *he guesses*, but he still does work for an institute that research the supernatural.

Something I find fascinating is the way he presents the statements, you always hear his voice shift just a little, and he acts the words so well too. He is reading this, he is feeling the emotions the people who did these statements felt, but is denying ever being affected.

I can't help myself reading too much into it, and wondering how much of his life is affected by this tendency to deny feeling things.

Something that has me curious is the sound design. The context has been that he is journaling the statements in audio form through cassettes, at least the ones that can't get into a computer, but then, where does the sounds come from ? I understand that they may not actually exist, but I cannot imagine that they don't have a reason to exist in universe.

Until we get an idea, I will simply think that the horrors are giving us some entertainment, that they love the archivist's storytelling just as much as I do, so they decide to give it a little ambience to make it even better.

That, or Martin added a soundtrack post-production, when Jon isn't there. I haven't met him yet, but he sounds like the kind of guy that would do this. Him or that Tim guy.

Can't wait to meet them for good, with Sasha and Ellias. It would also be nice to find statements by Gertrude, or something, I wonder about the kind of person she was.

I am curious about the people working in this institute.

All of them.

And of the kind of corpses that must be buried under it.
Somehow, I don't think they would be skeletons.

TMA, THE MAGNUS ARCHIVE, LIVEBLOGGING, TMA-LIVEBLOG, I SHOULD FIND A
CLOSING STATEMENT, LIKE A CATCH PHRASE OR SOMETHING, MH



NOTES



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If in some smothering dreams, you too could
pace...Behind the wagon that we flung him...

